

CHARIVARIA.

"It is officially denied in Paris," says *The Daily News*, "that the Powers intend at present to make any alteration in the position of Crete." In view of recent earthquakes this reassuring statement has given great satisfaction locally.

Mr. HIRAM P. MAXIM has now perfected his contrivance for rendering guns and rifles silent. This will be good news to those persons who have hitherto been prevented from taking part in wars owing to a tendency to that most distressing malady—"battlehead-ache."

The Daily Mail calls the Welsh "The singing nation," but for the moment they will have to be content to whistle for Disestablishment.

A recently established Oxford Street emporium—the name of which escapes us at the moment—published last week a special invitation to Welsh visitors. The words of the greeting were:—

CROESAW I BAWB.

Next week, we understand, we are to have what we imagine to be the Scotch equivalent of this:—

BANG GOES A BAUBEE.

The hero of the serial tale in *The Express*, we are told, admired the cabarets of Montmartre, and "loved to study the pencilled levities of STEINLEN, of LEANDER. . . ." To prefer LEANDER to LÉANDRE was not unnatural in a Hero.

Attention has been drawn to the large number of persons who think it unlucky to be married in May. A yet larger number, however, are still more superstitious, and think it unlucky to be married in any month.

The latest Novelty in the Fashion

World is a sash worn over the dress just above the knee-line. It seems almost incredible that it should not have occurred to anyone before that this is the most ideally absurd position for the sash.

The Burglary Season has apparently opened early this year. "PIMPLES RE-

Are our Music Halls becoming less enterprising? Not one of them is showing us *The Last of the Wranglers*.

The Press Conference has served at least one admirable purpose. It has narrowed down the differences between the Government and the Opposition. Both parties acknowledged the danger to our Country of the present international situation. The only point at issue now is whether we ought or ought not to take adequate steps to cope with the danger.

The report that the Bank at Monte Carlo has been broken again is denied. The Riviera earthquake did no damage there.

Those who considered that the meeting between the TSAR and the KAISER would mean a blow at British influence will be relieved to hear that "tea was taken on the *Standart* in the English style."

A writer in *The Over-Seas Daily Mail* informs us that the Hungarian name for jam is "gyümölessürü." After this we would rather not know the Magyar for marmalade.

The Western Morning News, speaking beforehand of the English team for the recent Test Match at Lord's, said: "Hayward will be asked to be at Birmingham, providing his leg is sound." We are glad to report that HAYWARD's leg was not

sound enough to take him to Birmingham, so he turned up at Lord's instead.

The Pall Mall Magazine reproduces a water-colour by FRED PEGRAM of a lady in a beehive hat that forms a very perfect blinker for her right eye. The left eye seems to have suffered by sympathy, for the legend underneath runs as follows: "Daphne sat erect, noticing nothing."



Mistress. "WELL, MARY, HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE REMAINDER OF THE PIGEON PIE?"

Mary (returned from voyage of investigation below). "PLEASE, MUM, COOK SAYS I ATE IT."

MOVED OVERNIGHT" is an announcement which catches our eye in a newspaper.

A lady while travelling from Euston to Lichfield last week missed her jewel-case, which was subsequently found in the corridor of the train at Manchester, but six rings, valued at £500, were missing. The police theory is that they were stolen.

ASCOT TINTS.

[“It would, of course, be impossible to give a complete list of all those present.”—*The Daily Mail* (Social Column) on the opening day at Ascot.]

NEVER you mind! you did your little best;
Spaces only failed you, not a sense of duty;
Against your loyal nature you suppressed
Some most deserving types of Rank and Beauty;
And yet your list, my lad,
Ran to a hundred, eight and twenty—not so bad.

There were who moved about the velvet sward
To air their hats or even watch the races;
You had a purer purpose—to record
Their sounding names and millinery graces;
Yes, it was largely *ad hoc*
That you meandered round the teeming lawn and paddock.

There were who chose to try a sporting chance
And plunge, we'll say, on *Pretty Polly's* brother;
To your dispassionate and fleeting glance
One end of him was very like the other;
It was your high and solemn
Task to ignore such features in your social column.

Brown, bay, or chestnut, well or badly bred,
Stout in the quarters, stocky in the barrel—
From Nature unadorned you turned your head,
Your business was to talk about apparel;
The noblest dam or sire
Could never compensate for absence of attire.

But when you deal with cape and voile and gown,
What a refined vocabulary! O, Sir,
What shades and nuances! how you dot them down
In terms to fit a butler or a grocer!—
“Café-au-lait,” “praline,”
“Champagne” and “claret,” “apricot” and “apple-green.”

Added to these (all good to eat or drink)
Your undefeated eye observed a goddess
In “tabac brown,” and one in “pastel pink,”
And one with “tiger lilies in her bodice;”
Also a dame who sat
‘Neath iris trimmings round “a sort of turban hat.”

When I have named a robe of “Nattier blue,”
And (nattier still) a smart “Shantung” confection,
A “mole-grey” cape, a gown of “sulphur” hue—
Gems of a very fine and rare collection—
I pray omit, I hope,
The louder fashions, such as “faded heliotrope.”

Some will be pained, I fear, by your neglect,
But don't let that disturb your self-composure;
Not the Recording Angel could expect
To paint the whole of that superb Enclosure;
Indeed your generous hand
Has painted quite as much as I (for one) can stand.

O. S.

The Prehensile Ear.

“Still there was no hand on the door that Roberta's listening ears could catch and spring to answer.”—*Daily Chronicle* Serial.

“SIAMESE KITTENS, very good points and eyes . . . dam good pedigree.”—*Advt. in “Daily Graphic.”*

We like this enthusiasm about the pedigree, even if couched in rather too forcible language.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.*)

Little Arthur (who has been reading “*The Times*”). Uncle John!

Uncle John (looking up from “*The Sportsman*”). Yes, sonny, that's me.

L. A. (reproachfully). Oh, Uncle John!

U. J. What's up, sonny, what's up? Works out of order? Too much supper last night? Feel a bit chippy—eh, what?

L. A. No, thank you, Uncle John, I am feeling very well.

U. J. Let's have a look at your tongue. (*The tongue is extended.*) Oh dear, oh dear, that's much too pale. You've been going it, you young dog. You'll have to take a pill, you know. Deuced hard job, but you'll have to do it. Mustn't burn the candle at both ends. What you want is a pill—none of your humbugging modern pills, but a good strong old-fashioned hard-working pill. I'll get you one in a brace of shakes, and—

L. A. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Uncle John, but I never could take pills. Papa's just like that, too, and, besides, my health is quite good.

U. J. Ah, well, you'll be sorry for it some day, when you want a pill and can't get it. There was a rascally servant of mine once, a native, who got messing about with my things. He'd seen me taking pills, and he found the box, and, by gum, Sir, he swallowed the whole lot at one go—might just as well have swallowed an elephant battery. Made the beggar sit up a bit, you know. Never heard such howls in all my life.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, that must have been very interesting. But I wanted to talk to you about something else, Uncle John.

U. J. Right you are, my boy. Just you fire away.

L. A. Didn't you say, “That's me,” just now, Uncle John?

U. J. Did I? I daresay I did. Couldn't have said anything else, could I? It was me, you know.

L. A. Oh, Uncle John, there you go again!

U. J. Lor' bless me, what's the trouble?

L. A. You oughtn't to say, “That's me” and “It was me.” You ought to say, “That is I” and “It was I.”

U. J. Who says so?

L. A. Miss MacBrayne told me.

U. J. What did she tell you that for?

L. A. Oh, Uncle John, she had to, because it's right. She is teaching me English grammar and the rules of English composition, and she says it is very important to observe them, because it marks the distinction between an educated person and a mere barbarian.

U. J. My eye, did she say all that? She's a bit of a scorcher, isn't she?

L. A. Oh no, Uncle, I don't think she is really a scorcher. She's got a lot of certificates from institutions and colleges.

U. J. Ah, I daresay. That's what comes of all these new-fangled ideas about educating women. I always thought they were overdoing it, and now I'm sure.

L. A. Then do you think, Uncle, that women ought to say wrong things?

U. J. Certainly not. I never said that.

L. A. But if they're not to be educated so as to know what's right they'll all have to go about talking like barbarians, and you won't like that, will you?

U. J. Well, I'm not sure. I never could cotton to a blue-stocking, you know. But as for saying, “That's I,” I simply can't do it, old man. Must draw the line somewhere.

L. A. But it's right, Uncle.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

GERMAN KAISER (*patronisingly*). "I HEAR YOU'RE BUILDING A NEW FLEET. ANY PARTICULAR OBJECT?"

TSAR. "NO—MERELY CAUSE OF PEACE—SAME AS YOU."





"MANY NEW FACES SINCE I WAS HERE LAST?"

"YES, COLONEL. I THINK ME AND YOU WILL BE ABOUT THE LAST OF THE OLD SET."

U. J. Well, nobody says it, and that's enough for me.

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle John. Miss MacBrayne says all educated people say it, and I've made up my mind to say it too.

U. J. That's right, Arty, I like your spirit; but I'm too old a dog to learn tricks. I shall go to my grave saying "That's me."

L. A. Oh, don't do that, Uncle. Do please say, "That's I."

U. J. Well, I'll think about it when the time comes, but it'll be no end of a business—embitter my last moments and all that. However, I'll see what can be done to meet your views. Did she tell you anything else?

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle, lots of things.

U. J. She didn't happen to mention who was going to win the Gold Cup, did she?

L. A. No, Uncle, she didn't. Is the Gold Cup in the English Grammar?

U. J. No, my boy, it isn't. It's on Ascot Heath, and if Miss MacBrayne could manage to name the winner I should think a lot more of her education.

L. A. Well, I'll ask her, Uncle; but last time we didn't get further than split infinitives.

U. J. Good gracious me, what sort of an animal's that?

L. A. It isn't an animal at all, Uncle John. It's a grammatical rule.

U. J. Well, I've heard of a split soda, but dash me if I've ever heard of a split infinitive.

L. A. (after a pause). That was a joke, Uncle John, wasn't it? I like you to make jokes like that, because I understand

them; but I never understand Mr. Blinkenstein's jokes, and he makes a lot, and laughs at them, too.

U. J. Well done, old man! Don't you give in to any German jokes. Keep the flag flying, you know. But about these split infinitives; just you show me one of 'em, and I'll settle his hash.

L. A. Well, Papa used one the other day in his speech at the Primrose League meeting. He said that "Mr. Lloyd-GEORGE's avowed object was to totally annihilate the prosperity of the country."

U. J. And your father's quite right, my boy. He never said a truer word in his life.

L. A. Oh, but, Uncle John, think of the split infinitive. If he had only said, "totally to annihilate," or "to annihilate totally," it would have been all right.

U. J. So that's a split what's-his-name, is it? Well, I shan't worry about it. Seems to me your father got hold of the right end of the stick, and that's the chief thing.

L. A. Miss MacBrayne didn't know what to say when I told her about it.

U. J. Well, you tell her I thought your father talked sound sense.

L. A. But think of the grammar, Uncle.

U. J. Oh, confound the grammar. It's the taxes we've got to think of.

L. A. But, Uncle —

U. J. Toddle off now, sonny. I want to finish *The Sportsman*.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE RUN.

THE Major has taken a great deal of trouble with his ground, and the result pleases everybody. If you are a batsman you applaud the short boundaries; if you are a wicket-keeper (as I am), and Thomas is bowling what he is pleased to call googlies, you have leisure to study some delightful scenery; and if you are a left-handed bowler with a delivery outside the screen, there is behind you a belt of trees which you cannot fail to admire. When Archie was born and they announced the fact to the Major, his first question was (so I understand), "Right or left-handed?" They told him "Left" to quiet him, and he went out and planted a small forest so that it should be ready for Archibald's action when he grew up. Unfortunately Archie turned out to be no bowler at all (in my opinion)—and right-handed at that. Nemesis, as the ha'penny papers say.

"Well?" we all asked, when Archie came back from tossing.

"They lost, and put us in."

"Good man."

"May I have my sixpence back?" I said. "You haven't bent it or anything, have you? Thanks."

As the whole pavilion seemed to be full of people putting on their pads in order to go in first, I wandered outside. There I met Myra.

"Hallo, we're in," I said. "Come and sit on the roller with me and I'll tell you all about JAYES."

"Can't for a moment. Do go and make yourself pleasant to Dablia Blair. She's just come."

"Do you think she'd be interested in JAYES? I don't mean the disinfectant. Oh, all right then, I won't."

I wandered over to the deck-chairs and exchanged greetings with Miss Blair.

"I have been asked to make myself pleasant," I said. "I suppose that means telling you all about everybody, doesn't it?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, we're in, as you see. That's the Vicar leading his team out. He's no player really—one of the 'among others we noticed.' But he's a good father, and we've borrowed two offsprings from him. Here comes Archie and Wilks. Wilks drove you from the station, I expect?"

"He did. And very furiously."

"Well, he hardly drives at all when he's in. He's terribly slow—what they call Nature's reaction. Archie, you will be sorry to hear, has just distinguished himself by putting me in last. He called it ninth wicket down, but I worked it out, and there doesn't seem to be anybody after me. It's simply spite."

"I hope Mr. Archie makes some runs," said Dablia. "I don't mind so much about Wilks, you know."

"I'm afraid he is only going to make fourteen to-day. That's the postman going to bowl to him. He has two deliveries—one at 8 A.M. and one at 12.30 P.M.; the second one is rather doubtful. Archie always takes guard with the bail, you observe, and then looks round to see if we're all watching."

"Don't be so unkind."

"I'm annoyed," I said, "and I intensely dislike the name Archibald. Ninth wicket down!"

The umpire having called "Play," Joe, the postman, bounded up to the wicket and delivered the ball. Archie played forward with the easy confidence of a school professional when nobody is bowling to him. And then the leg-bail disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Dablia. "He's out!"

I looked at her, and I looked at Archie's disconsolate back as he made for the pavilion; and I knew what he would want. I got up.

"I must go now," I said; "I've promised to sit on the heavy roller for a bit. Archie will be here in a moment. Will you tell him from me that we both thought he wasn't quite ready for that one, and that it never rose an inch? Thank you very much."

I discovered Myra, and we sat on the roller together.

"Well, I've been making myself pleasant," I said. "And then when Archie got out I knew he'd want to sit next to her, so I came away. That is what they call tact in *The Lady*."

"Archie is rather fond of her," said Myra. "I don't know if—"

"Ah, yes, I understand. Years ago—"

"Let's see. Are you ninety or ninety-one? I always forget."

"Ninety-one next St. Crispin's Day. I'm sorry Archie's out. 'The popular cricketer was unfortunate enough to meet a trimmer first ball, and the silent sympathy of the Bank Holiday crowd went out to him as he wended his way to the pavilion.' Extract from *Pavilions I have wended to*, by PERCY BENSKIN. Help! There goes Blair!—!"

After this the situation became very serious. In an hour seven of us had got what I might call the postman's knock. Wilks was still in, but he had only made nine. The score was 52, thanks entirely to Simpson, who had got 35 between first and second slip in twenty minutes. This stroke of his is known as the Simpson upper-cut, and is delivered straight from the shoulder and off the edge of the bat.

"This is awful," said Myra. "You'll simply have to make some now."

"I think it's time Wilks got on to

his second speed. Why doesn't somebody tell him? Hallo, there goes John. I knew there wasn't a run there. Where are my gloves?"

"You mustn't be nervous. Oh, do make some."

"The condemned man walked firmly to the wickets. 'What is that, umpire?' he asked in his usual cool voice. 'Hout-side the leg stump, Sir,' said the man in white. 'Good,' he replied. . . . What an ass your second gardener is. Fancy being potted out like that, just as if he were a geranium. I ought to wear a cap, oughtn't I, in case I want to bow when I come in. Good-bye; I shall be back for lunch, I expect."

I passed Joe on my way to the wickets, and asked pleasantly after his wife and family. He was rather brusque about it, and sent down a very fast half-volley which kept low. Then Wilks and I returned to the pavilion together amid cheers. On the whole, the Rabbits had lived up to their reputation.

"Well, we are a lot of bunnies," said Archie at lunch. "Joe simply stands there looking like a lettuce and out we all trot. We shall have to take to Halma or something. Simpson, you swim, don't you?"

"You don't have to swim at Halma," said Simpson.

"Anyhow," said Blair, "we can't blame the Selection Committee."

"I blame Thomas," I said. "He would have eight and he wouldn't wait. I don't blame myself, because my average is now three spot five, and yesterday it was only three spot one."

"That is impossible if you made nought to-day," said Simpson eagerly.

"Not if I divided it wrong yesterday."

"Averages," said the Major to the Vicar, catching the last sentence but two, "are the curse of modern cricket. When I was a boy—"

"We are now," Archie explained to us, "back in the thirties, when FELIX MYNN bowled Ensign Mannering with a full pilch."

"Dear old FULLER PILCH. Ah! what do they know of England who only KING and JAYES?" I declaimed. "Libretto by Simpson."

"Who's finished?" said Archie, getting up. "Come out and smoke. Now we simply must buck up and out the opposition. Simpson ought to bump them at Joe's end, and Thomas—"

"I always swerve after lunch," said Thomas.

"I don't wonder. What I was going to say was that you would box them in the slips. You know, if we all buck up—"

"We bucked up and outed them by the end of the day for two hundred and fifty."

A. A. M.

THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

I.—THE CARAVAN.

The following notes are based upon particulars supplied by the Firms named therein.

Now that the fine weather is possibly upon us, or, at any rate, is, according to the almanack, due, it is time to think about the holidays. And what better holiday could there be than one spent in a caravan? Think of the morning mists, the glory of the sunrise, the tender beauty of the same orb's setting, the adventures of the road, the rabbits, the strangeness of it all (at first), the sweet restfulness of the deliberate pace, the healthy dust, the romance!

First, the vehicle itself. A caravan is, as you probably know, a room on wheels. This you may either buy or hire. If you buy it go to the Caravan Builders Co., Bermondsey Causeway, S.E., but if you hire it go to the Caravan Hiring Co., Wanstead Flats, E. In either place you will be well treated. The advantages of buying over hiring are (1) it becomes your own, and (2) you have had, if the caravan is new, no predecessors—a word which covers a large variety of life. The advantages of hiring over buying are (1) you pay less, and (2) the wretched thing does not lie on your hands after you are dead sick of it. But do not forget the point about predecessors. Gipsies may have lived in it once. . . . Picturesque devils, no doubt, but. . . .

What are the joys of the caravan? Ah! In a caravan it is possible to have constant change of scene, to be comfortably sheltered, and yet to be continually in the open air. To the uninitiated the capacity of an ordinary caravan seems almost miraculous. From the outside it looks as though one person alone would have some difficulty in squeezing into it; anyhow, you say there won't be room for anything else. It takes one's breath away to learn that the caravan contains a bedroom—sometimes two—a dining-and-sitting-room, a kitchen, pantry, wardrobe, china closet, bookshelf—in fact, nearly as much as can be packed into a small suburban villa.

All these things have to be fixed up, which brings us to point No. 2—furnishing. But here the resources of commerce are endless. For the stove you may go to Billington's, at 153, Curator Street; for your hat to Preedy in Cheapside; for your boots, if new, to Ringrose of the Strand, or if old (and ah! old boots are best!), to Robertson's in the Haymarket. For your gun, who is better than Fosbrooke? and for your wall-paper try Simperwill's in Sloane Street. Do you eat chocolate?—there is none like Maurice's in Bond Street;



ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Bruised Pedestrian (to apologetic golfer). "WELL, SIR, IF YOU MUST PLAY BALL AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE, I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D USE A SOFT ONE."

while Buckstone's billiard tables are still the best. At breakfast time, when the morning mists have been swept away and the fields and hedges smell fresh and sweet, the camper knows that just two things are necessary to make life perfect—the smell of bacon frizzling in the pan and the delightful all-pervading aroma of coffee. And when considering coffee be sure to go for an extract, for the coffee is so much better and more like coffee than any made from the berry. Bostock's is the variety of which many campers of experience naturally think. The points claimed for it which should specially appeal to the camper are ease of preparation and uniqueness of flavour when it is ready. It reminds you of the delicious coffee you forgot to drink thirty years ago, which has been waiting for you ever since.

For dinner you will naturally prefer Peter's Pemmican and Condiment Soup to anything fresh or wholesome, since you are on a perfect holiday and roughing it is such fun, while the special advantages of Raisin-peas must not be forgotten.

After dinner the delicious pipe; and you will of course smoke Tramp Mixture, that heavenly blend which causes the smoker to forget whether he is in his shirt-sleeves or not, or if he has ever washed.

Next week, "The Perfect Holiday. II.—Walking."

The Open-air Cure.

"Armstrong has a severe cold, although the weather in London yesterday was bright, and a nice drying wind prevailed."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

THE COMEDY OF QUESTION TIME.

AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT.

SIR EDWARD GREY, answering questions put by Mr. BYLES (L.), Mr. MACKARNESS (L.), and Mr. WILL THORNE (Lab.), said that the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg was, as its name suggested, in receipt of a State subvention, but His Majesty's Government could not accept responsibility for the visit of the leading members of the ballet.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that *The Daily Chronicle*, in its issue of the 16th inst., has stated that Mme. PREOBRAJENSKA, "the queen of this organisation," is a "great deal more than an ordinary theatrical dancer?" (*Sensation*.) I have reason to believe that the tendency of the pirouettes executed by this lady is distinctly reactionary, and calculated to demoralise the democratic press—

THE SPEAKER. Order. The hon. member is not asking a question, but entering into a discussion of the ethics of the Terpsichorean art.

Mr. BYLES. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that the name of one of the principal dancers is Mlle. Bashiskirtsoff?

No answer was given.

Mr. W. REDMOND. Arising out of the previous question, Sir, may I ask whether Mr. STOLL, the manager of the Coliseum, is really an exiled Grand Duke?

SIR EDWARD GREY said that on making inquiries he had ascertained that Mr. STOLL was the author of *A Theory of Immortality by Natural Law*. This seemed hardly reconcilable with the grand-ducal hypothesis.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Can the right hon. gentleman give a positive assurance that these ballet dancers are not political spies, whose aim is to lure the proletariat from their allegiance to HENRY and LLOYD GEORGE?

SIR EDWARD GREY said he had no information that supported this ingenious theory.

Mr. BYLES wished to know whether it was a fact that the Empress CATHERINE had instigated the assassination of her husband.

THE SPEAKER. Order. Events that happened 150 years ago are not suitable subjects for questions, even on the part of the Member for Bradford.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that there is an intense and growing feeling in the country as to the inadvisability of encouraging these salaried *protégées* of the Russian Court, while corresponding facilities are denied to the patriotic dancing dervishes of Egypt and the Nationalist nautch-girls of India?

SIR EDWARD GREY returned no answer.

Mr. WILL THORNE observed that the right hon. gentleman was an inhuman monster. (*Labour cheers*.)

Mr. W. REDMOND. Anyhow, he's got a thorn in his side. (*Opposition laughter*.)

DEGENERATION.

[*"It is said by the critics of democracy that journalism of the newer type impairs and weakens the habit and faculty of continuous and coherent attention."*—Lord Morley.]

LONG ere the first of winter's snow

Upon this forehead fell,
A little lad I used to know—

I knew him rather well.

He loved his dog, he loved his cat,
His pink-eyed rabbit and his rat,
He loved the great good-natured cook,
But most of all he loved his book.

This little lad would read through all

A summer's afternoon;
The Heroes held him in their thrall

Till bed-time came—too soon.

He paused not till the Golden Fleece
Was brought in triumph back to Greece,
Nor till Medusa's grisly head
Had frozen Polydectes dead.

There in the great arm-chair upcurled

All else he would ignore,
Concentrated in the magic world
Whereon he loved to pore.

No journals had as yet been brought
To paralyse his power of thought,
This little lad that once I knew—
Le petit moi que j'ai perdu.

At Oxford he could still attend

As one not quite insane,
And haply for an hour on end
Could exercise his brain.

At first he quite enjoyed the scent
Of some Socratic argument,
And could pursue it like a dog
Perhaps through half a dialogue.

But soon the youth began to find
His mental vigour fail;

The proper study of mankind,
They told him, was *The Mail*.

He read it daily, and his power
Of brain grew weaker hour by hour;
All Plato's points he learnt to miss—
Eheu! Descensus facilis.

And now he reads in jerks—a lift—

Two minutes in a train—
And ere he has the time to sift
A sentence—lift again.

Bus—train—more lift—and then a strap—
More lift—what wonder if a chap
Has lost the art of thought, and bars
Papers with more than six-line paps?

*"Aurum irreperitum, et sic melius situm
Cum terra celat."*

The above was written by HORACE prior to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's proposal to tax Ungotten Minerals.

A BACK NUMBER.

"No, no soup" (this to the butler). Then I turned to the serious business of the evening. I looked at the large and gravely Scotch matron beside me, and went at it gallantly.

"Don't you think," I began, "that the shortage of horses, due to the spread of motoring, may become a national danger?"

"Very," she replied with a pleasant smile; "but that is so like him"—and returned to her soup with an air of duty done.

I hate any *lacune* in table-talk, so I made no pause to try to detect the relevancy, if any, of her answer, but continued with business-like briskness: "But perhaps we are getting a little too apprehensive of—ah—the dangers of invasion. Who was it who said that to meet trouble halfway is the surest method of—er—going halfway to—in fact, to meet trouble? Was it LOCKE, BACON? By the way, what do you think of MARK TWAIN on the Baconian heresy?"

"I like the woolly ones best," she said with great decision; and her glance was as clear and untroubled as a child's. This *did* give me pause. Plainly she was guiltless of joking, and there were no signs of incipient insanity. In my confusion I let the butler fill my glass with champagne, although the halfpenny autocrat of my breakfast-table tells me that the Smart drink only mineral water; and I have always thought one had better be dead than not be smart. Vulgarian-like—but the *faux pas* was due to confusion, not to ignorance—I emptied my glass. Then, with dwindling confidence, I spoke again.

"And what are your views on the slump in modern drama?"

"I did once—in France," she told me. Heavens! I wished I could have changed places with Bailey Hamilton. Bailey, on the other side of the table, had a bright young girl next to him, and they were already tackling their seventh topic (Lords and the Budget). But I wasn't going to give in yet.

"Do you think," I said, dauntlessly—"do you think this remarkable weather is going to last?"

No answer.

"Do you think this remarkable weather is going to last?" I repeated, a shade more anxiously.

No answer. "But then," thought I, "the Scotch are a cautious race. It will take time to think out something non-committal. Or perhaps she is comparing this year with that, and deducing her verdict from an average of forty seasons."

The fish came—the fish went, and my question remained unanswered. Then, on a sudden, she turned.



Gamekeeper. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE BOARD—'PRIVATE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'?"
 Tripper. "WELL—YES—I SEE'D A BOARD, BUT I READ 'PRIVATE' ON IT, SO READ NO FURTHER, THINKING IT WAS NONE O' MY BUSINESS."

"Have you heard of poor Mr. Popkinson's accident?" she asked.

In the consternation of the moment I swallowed an olive alive—I mean, whole. (I hope there will be no complications. It couldn't sprout, could it?)

"Oh!" I said reproachfully, "you shouldn't do that. Unless I take them in order I lose the thread. Now I shall have to go right back to the beginning again. Talking of the shortage of horses, don't you think—"

So far she had heard me with attention. Now, with eager concern, she spoke.

"My dear Mr. Plimley," she said, "I'm so sorry. I saw at the outset from something in your eye that you were going to palm off on me *The Mirror's* list of dinner-table topics; and, do you know, I'm afraid I've been giving the answers I prepared for yesterday's questions. So stupid of me, but you're sitting on my deaf side, so that I didn't realize—"

"Let's say no more about it," I put in magnanimously. "Shall we just talk simple scandal instead, straight out of our own heads?"

She gave a sigh of relief. "Yes, let's," she said.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE WOOR.

[An eminent authority has stated that among the inhabitants of the Banks' Islands the decision as to whom a man should marry lies with his father's sister.]

WAFt, O waft me to those Islands in the
 South Pacific seas,
 To the land of milk and honey
 Where it's always nice and sunny,
 Where the little waves are lapping
 Round the laughing maidens' knees,
 And the palm-fronds idly flapping
 In the breeze.

There in pre-lapsarian innocence I'd
 comb the mermaids' curls,
 I would dive through sea-green waters
 With a troop of dusky daughters;
 I would spy the lurking oyster
 And I'd make the modest pearls
 Leave their dim secluded cloister
 For my girls.

I would flirt with Laughing Water when
 the firefly's lamp was lit,
 I would praise the grace and vigour
 Of my dainty Sea-shell's figure;
 At the feet of Summer Lightning
 I should be content to sit,
 As I felt my senses brightening
 At her wit.

Nor should nasty "little devil doubt"
 come lifting up his voice,
 Asking which it was my duty
 To decide on—brains or beauty;
 I could flirt with any maiden,
 Or with all, and still rejoice
 That my soul would not be laden
 With the choice.

And the girls would understand me, and
 their pardon freely grant,
 If they found themselves rejected
 And another mate selected;
 For they'd know my heart's not frozen,
 That I don't because I can't;
 I must take the bride that's chosen
 By my aunt.

The Yorkshire Evening Post publishes a testimonial written by a lady in praise of certain spectacles, the product of the enterprise of some "American Specialists." "Formerly," she says, "my head always ached, now I do not know what it is." Nor does *Mr. Punch*, though he has tried hard to guess.

"IRELAND, NORTH AND SOUTH.—Wind chiefly N., light or moderate; fairly generally; overcast at times; temperature below the nominal."
 —*Irish Times*.



HORATIA HOLDS THE BRIDGE.

Territorial Officer. "BUT, MY GOOD WOMAN, IT'S ALL NONSENSE TO EXPECT US TO PAY; WE'RE NOT ORDINARY CIVILIANS, WE'RE ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

Toll-keeper. "I DON'T KNOW NO THINK ABOUT THAT. IF YOU COMES OVER THE BRIDGE, IT'S HA'PENNY EACH FUSSON AN' HA'PENNY EACH BICYCLE."

Territorial Officer. "BUT—ER—SUPPOSE THE GERMANS CAME AND WANTED TO GET ACROSS—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

Toll-keeper. "MAKE 'EM PAY!"

TO A FANCY VEST.

TWELVE months ago (I told the tailor "urgent")
 You clasped my palpitating bosom first,
 And now once more, like Proserpine resurgent,
 After your winter's sleep to life you burst;
 Time has not dimmed your buttons' starry brightness,
 Fair as the South but steadfast as the North,
 Though possibly there is a hint of tightness
 About the fourth.

With clearer skies, perhaps, we might have traced where
 That woeful mellay in a garden green
 Projected on her suitor's summer waist-wear
 An ice intended for the tourney's queen;
 I mind me, too (it happened at "The Larches"),
 A strawberry, debouching from its mash,
 Left a red trail of ruin round your marches,
 And I said, "Dash!"

But either Sol is kind or else the laundress;
 You look, my yearling fancy, much the same
 As when the nymph Neera (in a fawn dress)
 Refused to gratify the heart you frame:
 Little they thought, who plied on you the needle,
 Or dowered you with that tender tint of dove,

That such a classy line could fail to wheedle
 A woman's love!

Still, as I say, you have not lost your beauty:
 And (like the breast beneath it), barely frayed,
 Your shining envelope must now do duty
 For courting Amaryllis—in the shade;
 I cannot think she too will turn her nose up
 At knightly adoration in a shell
 Whose shade is so romantic and that shows up
 The tie so well.

But if she does—for all the sex is fickle—
 Can we but 'scape the hazards of the storm,
 The sudden cream-drop and the icy trickle,
 Another June may see you yet in form;
 Close comrade as of yore, and even closer,
 I swear that you shall do the business when
 I trot you out against my heart's engrosser
 Of 1910.

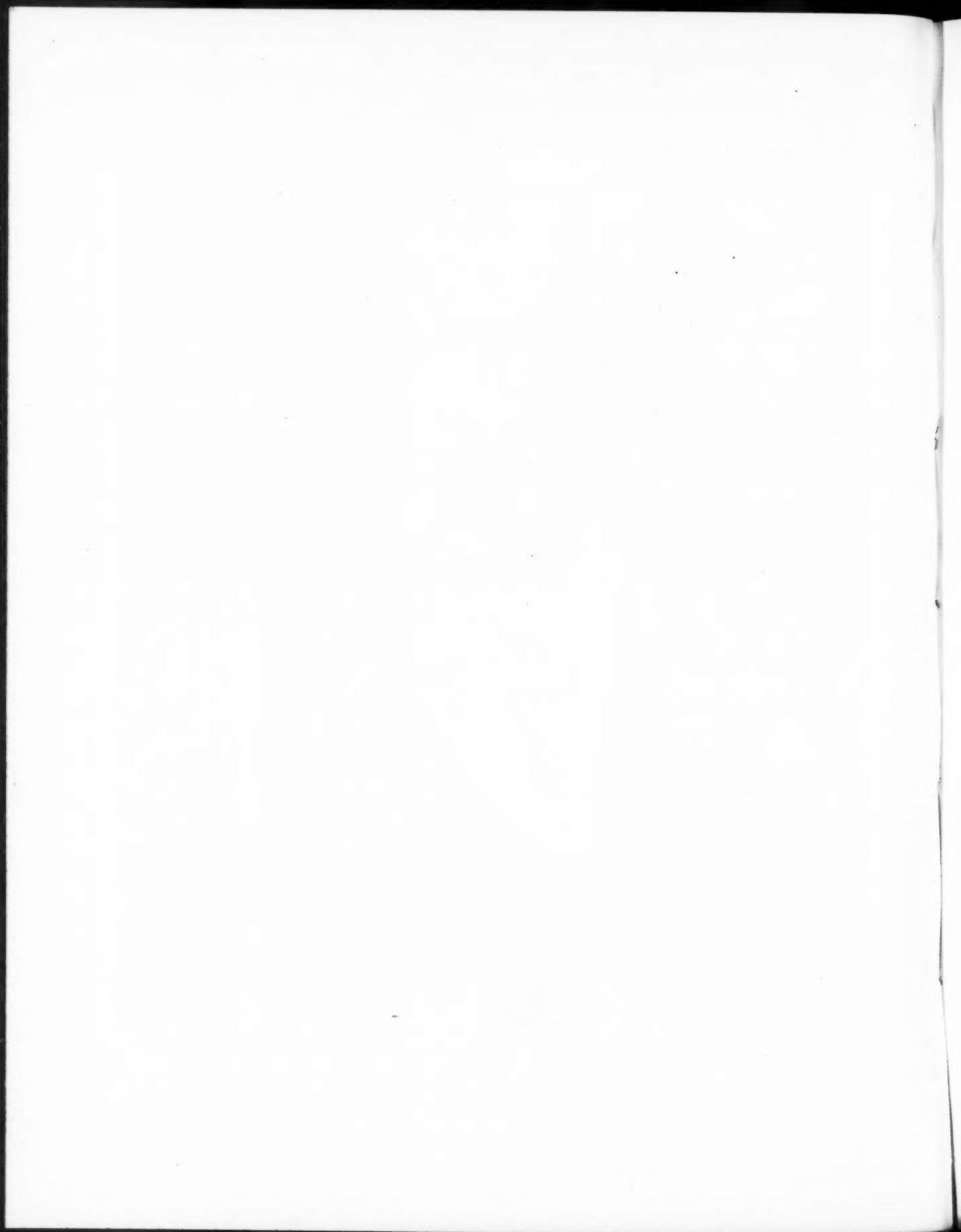
"Kind home wanted for tiny crossbred female, black with tan markings."—Advt. in "The Lady."

We are afraid that the poor girl had a bad time in her last situation.



COLD STORAGE.

MR. ASQUITH (to Welsh Rabbit). "AFRAID YOU MUST BE HUNG UP, BUT YOU SHALL COME OUT FIRST THING NEXT YEAR, IF YOU'RE GOOD!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 14.
—"Parliamentary life would be endurable but for its deputations."

Thus the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, mopping a harrowed brow. Certainly



ENOUGH TO SPOIL THE TEMPER OF AN ANGEL.

Mr. William Jones. "I shall haf to be fery cross, look you! I shall be giffing you a g of hard knuck, whatever!"

(Welsh Disestablishment Bill postponed till next year.)

had rather a hard day. First of all there were the Irish distillers insisting upon special terms in the Budget. Then came the Welsh Members, pistol in hand, demanding instant passage of Church Disestablishment Bill. Worst of it is these chaps have votes. Last week the Irish Nationalists plumped against Second Reading of Finance Bill. As it happened, didn't matter much. Specific reason for defection plainly stated. But if Wales joins hands with Ireland, passage of Bill through Committee might prove a thorny one.

Accordingly PREMIER "turns on" his persuasive colleague; bids him see the Irish and the Welsh malcontents in succession; to both playing the part of the Friend of Humanity.

Meeting the Irish distillers, LLOYD-GEORGE'S tongue lingers lovingly over a memorable line in his prototype's address to the Needy Knife Grinder:

"I give thee sixpence! I'll see thee d— first."

Restrained himself. Played the part so well that he brought salt tears to eyes of hardened distillers from Dublin and Cork. Sent them away murmuring

benedictions. Not a dry eye in the room when in voice trembling with honest emotion he protested that he "would consider the matter as a whole with as deep a sympathy, as warm a friendship for Ireland, as any gentleman present."

And yet, as he reflected when the deputation withdrew, he had not done more than promise "consideration."

With his own countrymen he was, naturally, more at home and not less successful. On entering the room he found them upstanding, singing "*The March of the Men of Harlech*," led from the Chair by ALFRED THOMAS (Knight). There was that in the stern regard turned upon him that betokened seriousness of the situation. It meant war. The Welsh Members want Disestablishment and they won't wait. (No rhyme possible about the declaration, wherein it falls short of the attraction of GEORGE WYNDHAM'S immortal couplet. What it lacks in rhyme is made up for in reason.)

Task of reconciliation seemed hopeless. WILLIAM JONES especially turbulent in his attitude towards a PRIME MINISTER who had broken faith with honest Welshmen. Almost blood-thirsty in his denunciation of that Minister's emissary. His sardonic suggestion that "in the absence of a lamp-post they might hang the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on the Member for Pembroke" was received with roar of approval chilling to the stoutest heart. From his altitude of 6 feet 7 OWEN PHILLIPS looked down assenting. Not pleasant to go about suspending a limp CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But with Welsh Members personal convenience is never permitted to clash with patriotic purpose.

Patience and plausibility work wonders. At the end of address that did not exceed a quarter of an hour in delivery, the mutineers were won over. In an eloquent passage spoken in their native tongue LLOYD-GEORGE promised if they would say nothing more about Disestablishment Bill this Session it should

be made the first measure in the programme of next year.

Thus in the course of an afternoon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER allayed the passions of two nationalities, warding off the immediate stroke of adversity by pleasing promises for the future. As he says, translating a familiar Welsh



A SNAP-SHOT OF MR. GOOCH IN ACTION.

proverb, "Take care of to-day; to-morrow will take care of itself."

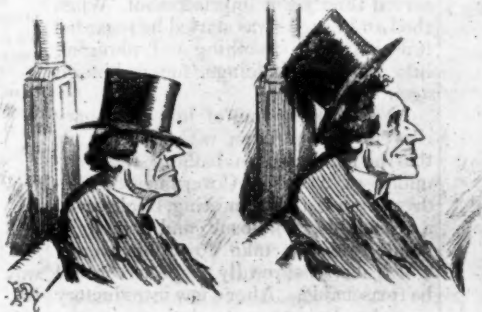
Business done.—In Committee of Supply. By nine o'clock appointed work accomplished and House adjourned.

Wednesday.—JAMES FITZALAN HOPE, J.P., author of *A History of the 1900 Parliament*, cannot make out what the House is laughing at. Asked a simple question. Wanted to know what, in the opinion of the Admiralty, are the relative values, for the purpose of computing the two-Power standard, of battleships of identical fighting power at Kiel, Toulon, Pola, Nagasaki, San Francisco, and New York?

Nothing could be simpler, nor anything more subtly calculated to cover the FIRST LORD with confusion.

"The relative value of battleships of identical fighting power in their respective ports would," ADMIRAL MCKENNA gravely answered, "be one of equality."

Then came the burst of laughter; began below Gangway opposite, ran round benches like train of gunpowder on which a lighted match had fallen. What were they laughing at? JAMES FITZALAN'S question had cost him thought and research. It meant a study of those big maps in the necessity of consulting which the late MARKISS found compensation for devastating war. Mere spelling of the names a matter of responsibility.



Study of an interesting performance, the frequent repetition of which seemed to afford Lord Robert Cecil infinite satisfaction. It was probably a symptom of reflective enjoyment of the so-called slump in Tariff Reform."

Expected to see FIRST LORD heave to, lower his bunkers, ship his mizzen foreward, and display other signs of trepidation familiar to those who go down to the sea in ships. "Instead of which," there he was coolly offering enigmatical reply of which FITZALAN couldn't make head or tail, and the House was roaring with laughter—apparently at him (JAMES HOPE).

However, being a practical man, he determines to turn incident to account. Makes a note of it. In forthcoming book, *A History of the 1906 Parliament*, a chapter will be devoted to the distorted sense of humour that sometimes causes the Mother of Parliaments to sink in the estimation of intelligent men.

Business done.—Labour Exchanges Bill read a second time without division. Immediately after, in spite of BALCARRES' magnanimous effort, House resolved that WINSTON shall be specially excluded from benefits of increased salary of PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE.

Thursday.—Amurath to Amurath succeeds. When present House first met, a LONDON represented East Limerick. To-day the name of LONDON again figures on the roll of Parliament; but another hears it. Even Ireland, mother of marvels among mankind, could produce only one WILLIAM LONDON, and he died before May was out.

The present House knew nothing of him. Its predecessor not much. He spoke rarely, but his speech was memorable as his appearance was striking. A farmer by occupation, there were few, if any, in the House who equalled him in the extent and intimacy of his classical knowledge. Greek and Latin were more familiar to him than the English tongue, which as a true patriot he despised. To



"We shall take a man at his 'face value.'"
Mr. Churchill's speech on Labour Bureaux.
(Mr. Renwick, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne.)



SOME MORE "FACE VALUES."

Sir Il-ury C-t-t-n, Dr. R-th-rf-rd, and Mr. M-ck-rn-s (who have taken such a touching, sympathetic interest in the sequestration of those dear "gentlemen" who have been prevented from promoting sedition in India) during their well-merited castigation by the Prime Minister.

["By constantly calling into question in this House the action of the Government of India they are only encouraging a revival in India of the elements of mischief that the deportations of last September have done so much to abate."—Mr. Asquith.]

lack of familiarity with it he added the habit of addressing the SPEAKER or the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS as if he were hailing him across the breadth of the Thames. He made amends for this by occasionally dropping his voice to inaudible whisper, in which such point and coherency as might lurk in the particular passage were utterly lost.

One would have given much to have been the confidant of Mr. LONDON's thoughts as he sat on a back bench below the Gangway and regarded hon. gentlemen opposite and on the benches to his right. A man not given to boasting, he was proud of the fact that he was an early pioneer of the Fenian movement, in connection with which he served three years' imprisonment. When the Land League was started he regarded it as better than nothing and, plunging into its wildest doings, found himself again in prison.

It was during one of his missionary efforts in connection with the League that he succeeded in baffling the myrmidon of a Saxon Government. Addressing a roadside meeting, he observed a constable, note-book and pencil in hand, ready to take down his words, which it was shrewdly suspected would be treasonable. After a few introductory remarks, he began to declaim in the original tongue the names of the ships catalogued in *Homer*. The constable was puzzled. All he knew was that the

language was not English nor even Irish. But he was told off to take verbatim report, and he was not the man to shirk duty. So as the stately roll was recited he struggled on, covering sheets of his note-book with hieroglyphics.

The best part of the story, a conclusion possible only in Ireland, was that when his notes were transcribed and sworn to in Court, Mr. LONDON was summarily convicted under the Crimes Act and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Local Government Estimates.

"In a case at Kingst'n in which a boy complained that three teeth were knocked out of his mouth when he was assaulted, Mr. A. Higgs, one of the magistrates, who is a dentist, took the boy over to a window, and after a careful examination was able to pronounce that the teeth were only broken off and not dislodged by the roots."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This of course greatly mitigated the alleged offence.

A "well-known physiologist" has let out to *The Daily Mirror* the secret of the way to avoid depression. "Be cheerful," he says. As secrets are being given away, *Mr. Punch* does not mind giving his clients a golden rule for avoiding poverty. It is as follows; "Be rich!"



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.—No. 3.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT WHILE SALMON FISHING, WADING TROUSERS, IF FASTENED BY A BELT, AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN AIR-TIGHT, CAN BE DEPENDED UPON TO PREVENT YOUR SINKING.

THE NEW GAOL.

THE Governor received me with that dignified courtesy which has ever gone with the control of such institutions. "I think," he said, "you will agree that it is well conducted."

He took a huge bunch of keys from its nail and led the way.

"Here," he said, unlocking a cell, "is a very old offender."

I peered into the gloom and saw an Aberdeen terrier in the corner.

"Sandy's his name," said the Governor. "A destructive maniac. He tears up everything he sees—clothes, papers, work-bags, carpets, hearthrugs, even books. His last offence was to chew half a presentation copy of *Bryce's American Constitution*. He is here for a week. We cover articles with Eau-de-Cologne, whisky, and tobacco-juice to disgust him."

In the next cell was a bulldog.

"Disobedience," said the Governor. "Won't go out for walks without a lead, and then pulls at it like a salmon. We fasten him to a crank, and he has to trot with it or be half choked for hours."

In the next was a little black spaniel. "Refuses to be broken to the house," said the Governor. "A stubborn case. Otherwise a charming character. Systematic lashings regularly was the sentence."

"Do you find that punishment is a deterrent?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," he said; "but they learn slowly. One sojourn here is rarely enough. Here, for example, is a frequent visitor," and he showed me an Irish terrier. "A cat-worrier. We deal with him by pushing stuffed cats charged with electricity into his cell. In the way they cure crib-biters, you know. But his spirit is stronger than his sense of pain."

"Good dog!" I involuntarily said. The Governor was scandalised, and led me away. "Had I known you would so forget yourself," he said, "I should have refused you the interview."

Testimonial Candour.

"Please send me two more Army Field Glasses with separate receipts. Whoever sees mine wants another."

THE PEN IN THE SLIPS.

"Maclaren caused loud cheers by cutting one from Armstrong away to the leg boundary."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo*.

"Tyldesley took seventy minutes to get his first 16, and 15 of these were singles."—*Daily Express*.

Query: What was the other?

"The former, in an effort to bring off a catch, fell full length in the slips, and just secured the ball left handed from a fine high drive."—*Surrey Mirror*.

"Mr. Jones then joined Hirst, who had scored three pretty 4's to leg through the slips."—*Daily Mail*.

"McLaren followed with a nice late cut for 36 from Laver."—*Bristol Evening News*.

"Noble is a past-master in placing the field to suit his bowlers, and he is backed up by eleven men of rare cricketing intelligence."—*Morning Leader*.

Twelve Australians! That explains our defeat.

A Glasgow paper publishes the following curious example of renaissance:

"He was born in Edinburgh 66 years ago, and afterwards, with his lifelong friend John Wyllie, at Paris."

SIC TRANSIT.

(On the passing of the Senior Wrangler.)

O UPPERMOST Wrangler!

O greatest of nobles!

Thou deft disentangler

Of intricate probs.—

To whom surds are as simple as under-
hand bowling to HOBBS.

Henceforth thou art banished,

Thy kingship is o'er,

The halo hath vanished

That ringed thee of yore;

And even the spoon that was wooden
is not any more.

How journalists loved thee!

What copy thou wast!

How gladly they shovelled thee—

Ay, free of all cost!

By the side of HALL CAINE and the KAISER!

... And now thou art lost.

No more will they tell us

The tales of thy skill:

How tutors grew jealous

(As pedagogues will)

When, clever as *they* were, their pupil
proved cleverer still.

No more will the pressmen

In ecstasy note

Thy craft as a chessman

And hasten to quote

"Mens sana in corpore sano" (as some-
body wrote).

Farewell to thy fame—

And to Father's and Mother's!

Henceforth will thy name

Be no more than another's;

For thou, in the future, must wrangle
al. ng with the others.

PRAISE TO THE FACE.

MR. HAROLD BEGGIE concludes a descriptive article in *The Daily Chronicle* on the great Naval Review by expressing the modest hope that the critics of the Admiralty may one day come to suggest that "our greatest battleship should be named the *Kingfisher*," adding that "it would be a graceful amend to the creator of the modern Navy."

The extreme modesty of this proposal has naturally disappointed the admirers of "the greatest of sea-lords since NOAH," as he has wittily been styled, and *Mr. Punch* has been positively bombarded by suggestions as to how this culminating point in Sir JOHN FISHER's career should be fitly commemorated.

Mr. Rugby Pink, the famous naval correspondent, writes: "MR. BEGGIE suggests that one battleship should be called the *Kingfisher*. Could anything be more miserably inadequate or ungenerous? My proposal, which I am convinced will be hailed with general acclamation, is that England should

henceforth be called 'Fisherland,' and the Isle of Wight the 'Isle of Arnold White.'"

Mr. Yello Pearyard, the renowned nautical publicist, opens his communication by very properly calling attention to the superb and gorgeously poetic metaphors of Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE's article. He says, "Has anyone since RUSKIN come within a measurable distance of the majestic sonority of this adorable exordium?—

"On Saturday there was something new. Britannia's flesh did not creep. It glowed.

Sea and Sky were like two prize-fighters retired to their corners after a round of hard pounding. Every shade of bruise was in the clouds, which were puffed and bagged and swollen; every shade of sick green was in the sea, which suggested a winded body and a sinking stomach. These two antagonists regarded each other. They appeared to be waiting for the next round. The sound of the wind was like the murmur of conversation round the ring.

Every now and then the rain fell; every now and then a pale sun, like a hammered eye, peered out of the brown-paper sky and produced the tinge of thunder in the green sea; always the wind blew. It was cold, melancholy, depressing. But—you could almost see Britannia's flesh glow with pride."

"MR. HAROLD BEGGIE suggests how a fitting amend could be made by the detractors of Sir JOHN FISHER. May I be permitted to suggest that the magnificent services of Mr. BEGGIE to the English language, to Britannia, and to Sea and Sky also deserve recognition. Why should we not found a Chair of Ichthyolatry at Birmingham University, with Mr. BEGGIE as first Professor? Or failing that, let him be created Honorary Admiral of the (Arnold) White, or Controller of the Boom."

The foregoing letters adequately represent the spirit of enthusiasm evoked by the lyrical outburst of Mr. BEGGIE. It is painful to add that a jarring note is struck by one correspondent, who writes: "I am not a superstitious man, but when people write in this rancid strain of fulsome complacency I want to propitiate Nemesis by a wholesale holocaust of professional gushers and gup-mongers."

We are sorry that the two following paragraphs should have appeared consecutively in *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"The Canadian Minister of Finance, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, who was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Fielding, was also a passenger by the Empress of Ireland."

"It was also alleged that they took a number of hens, valued at £2, from an adjoining hen-run."

"WANTED, MAN OR LADY to prepare and fry fish and chips from 4 to 10 A.M."—*Southern Daily Echo*.

But what objection can there be to a real gentleman for this kind of work?

THE MIDGES' SONG.

MAIDEN like a tinted rose,
Clad in muslin thin and chaste,
Your embroidered net-work hose
Absolutely suits our taste.

Youth, whose pulse with rapture stirs,
Agitated by her charm,
While your eyes are wooing hers
We are creeping up your arm.

Military-looking gent,
Clad in suit of shepherd's check,
We salute you with content
As we titillate your neck.

Ample dame, whose kindly face
Lifelong charity reveals—
Tender also to our race—
You are good for many meals.

Cordially we greet you all,
Comradeship we cultivate;
Though in person we are small,
Yet our influence is great.

If our ways are not polite,
Your behaviour seems to match;
Though we little midges bite,
In return you mortals scratch.

From *The Visitor*, a journal which serves the needs of Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Doune, and Callendar, we extract the following advertisement, which appeared in the issue of June 9th:

"Dunblane Habitation Primrose League.

A GARDEN PARTY,

at the kind invitation of

Mr. Arthur Hay Drummond,

will take place at Cromlix

ON SATURDAY, the 26th JUNE.

Those who intend going should do so at once."

No reports have yet reached us from Cromlix, but we imagine that Mr. HAY DRUMMOND has had very little leisure for correspondence.

The Unpardonable Sin.

"The majority of the Ladies, however, wore the usual evening gowns, and as many of their costumes were noted when I wrote an account of the Infirmary Ball, it will not be necessary to describe them here again."—*Local Paper*.

The Editor's fate is not known.

"Yesterday a few American visitors, who had only reached Liverpool this morning, put in an appearance late in the afternoon, but to-day their number was strongly reinforced."—*Westminster Gazette* (on Ascot).

The new lot would be those who only reached Liverpool to-morrow.

"There is a probability that St. John's (Oxford) will send a four as well as an eight, but at present nothing has been definitely decided. Should they, if they are content with the latter, the Thames will be their goal."—*Paris Daily Mail*.

Always the best river to aim at when you go to Henley.



Mother (telling the history of our first parents). "AND EVE ATE OF THE FRUIT AND SHE GAVE SOME TO ADAM."
Dolly. "OH, MUMMIE! HOW KIND OF HER!"

A TARDY PROPOSAL.

[In the course of an article on "The Bride" a daily paper points out that in respect of their chances of getting married, waitresses come before clerks, and clerks before teachers and nurses.]

SOME years ago I saw her first,
 Her homely face suffused with frowns,
 As she (professionally) nursed
 That beastly brat of Brown's.
 She pleased me then, I must confess;
 To her I smiled my silent thanks,
 Who curbed the cub's effusiveness
 With surreptitious spanks.

His governess when next we met,
 She led his youthful footsteps through
 The mazes of the alphabet,
 The path of two times two.
 'Twas not to find her still unwed
 That filled me with unholy joy,
 But that I knew she slapped the head
 Of that unpleasant boy.

On teaching tasks she turned her back,
 Her labours graced another scene;
 For want of something else to smack
 She smacked a type machine.
 Then once again she changed her post;
 Since marriage comes to her who waits,
 She served out dubious eggs on toast
 And so called ham on plates.

At last my laggard heart awoke
 (The cap and dress became her well),
 I ate the eggs, but barred one yolk,
 Then softly rang the bell.
 Her face, I hastened to decide,
 Though plain, was not unpicturesque.
 "Be mine," I said, and she replied:
 "I will. Pay at the desk."

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. LONG JANE'S NEW POET.

MR. LONG JANE begs to announce that he will publish shortly a volume of poems by the new poet, Mr. Morrell Haggis, with an introduction by Mr. G. K. Jesterton. The co-operation of Mr. Jesterton and Mr. Haggis in the production of this book is eminently Jestertonic. The two men met as strangers to each other on the stairs of a Battersea flat. The new Poet introduced himself. "Mr. Jesterton, I presume?" he said. "It would be impossible," replied the great commentator, "to state anything more tremendously true." "I," said the other, folding his hand in that of his new friend, where it lay like a sleeping camel in the Sahara, "I am Morrell Haggis." An hour later two figures of strangely contrasted ap-

pearance might have been seen steadily circumambulating Battersea Park, one shouting the other's verses to the astonished heavens and a following of feckless youths. The book containing these wonders is only 3s. 6d. net.

MR. WELKIN MARK'S NEW POET.

Mr. Welkin Mark (exactly opposite Long Jane's) begs to announce that he has secured for the English market the palpitating works of the new Montana (U.S.A.) poet, Mr. Ezekiel Ton, who is the most remarkable thing in poetry since ROBERT BROWNING. Mr. Ton, who has left America to reside for a while in London and impress his personality on English editors, publishers and readers, is by far the newest poet going, whatever other advertisements may say. He has succeeded, where all others have failed, in evolving a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgiate Italy.

Commercial Candour.

"'BARBED WIRE CLOTH' for Youngsters' Suits; almost unweareable."—*Adet.* in "*Ladybrand Courant.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Story of Thyrsa (CONSTABLE), by ALICE BROWN, is really the story of two *Thyrzas*, with little else but the author's own word to guarantee their identity. In the first part of her book she sketches, with a very sympathetic humour, the childhood of a girl of high-strung and consciously romantic temperament, brought up in the most primitive surroundings. In the second part we are shown a rather colourless woman of middle-age, absorbed, after a brave struggle against poverty and shame, in the career of her unfathered son. The bridge that spans the yawning gulf between these two existences may be strong enough to bear the author's feet skimming airily along by aid of the winged sandals of imagi-

nation, but is not meant to support the gravity of the critic. Even under my frail weight it quivered pariously. She has asked too much of us when she wants us to believe that she has provided an adequate motive, on *Thyrza's* side, for the act that was to ruin her life. The credulity which allows the girl to idealise a coarse nature whose loyalty she has had good reason to suspect, cannot account for her lapse. True, she had always had a morbid craving for self-sacrifice, and would certainly have laughed at convention and run clean away with a lover if there had been a bar to their formal union. But here there was no such bar; and the circumstances—it is the old story of a last train missed—are of the most banal. To make them serve as excuse for such a tragedy is to set too low a value both upon the instinctive purity of the girl's heart and the healthy influences of her simple country training.

All this, however, may be a matter of personal opinion; but, for the rest, there cannot be two opinions about the charm of the author's work, her freshness and spontaneity, her feeling for what is noble in character, her sense of the laughter that lies close to tears. If her vision is, perhaps, rather clear than wide, she always sees the things worth seeing. And I am glad to make the acquaintance of *Barton Gorse*, and to be given once more, as in *Rose Macleod*, so pleasant a picture of love between two people well past their youth. I cannot change my belief, already expressed in these columns, that of all the novelists whose work comes to us from America ALICE BROWN is the most delightful.

"Out of the intermingling of those two lives—the one fundamentally of the earth, the other of the spirit"—what character would result? This is the problem in heredity that Mrs. PERCY DEARMER set herself to answer in *Gervase* (MACMILLAN), and she has done it with remarkable originality and success. *Gervase Alleyn* is as cleverly drawn a figure

as I remember to have met with in recent fiction. Introduced to us as a contemplative Baby (in a first chapter of which the delicate charm would alone make the book worth reading), his career as school-boy, undergraduate, and grown man is developed by the author in a way that is always convincing, because it is always the logical outcome of the two opposing influences that directed it. There are other characters also in the book that impress one as truly observed: *Mark Hassall*, the ascetic young Oxford tutor, whose friendship with *Gervase* was so strong a force in bringing about the tragedy of the latter's life, is one; another is *Miriam Souls*, the girl whom *Gervase* marries through a strange mixture of passion and altruism. *Kate*, her sister and the heroine of the story, is a figure of whose reality I am less sure; nor can I resist a suspicion that Mrs. DEARMER was herself not quite certain about the remaining important personage, *Jack Denham*, whose villainy ruined the marriage of *Miriam* and *Gervase*, but who plays only a shadowy part in the events that followed its discovery. Still *Gervase* alone is an achievement upon which I tender Mrs. DEARMER my hearty congratulations; she should also be credited with the discovery of a striking novelty in "curtains," as I remember no other story of which the psychological crisis turns upon its hero's choice of a Division Lobby in the House of Commons.



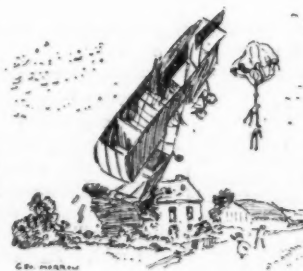
IT IS DISCOURAGING TO REFLECT THAT THE OLDER METHODS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION, SUCH AS THE BROOM,



AND THE MAGIC CARPET,



THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS,



WERE MUCH SIMPLER AND MORE EFFECTIVE THAN THE MODERN AEROPLANE.

It is probably prejudice which makes me object to a novel in which all the characters are in love with other persons' husbands and wives. One such domestic difficulty in one book may be defensible; but three is rather strong meat, even for seasoned readers. Yet that is what Mrs. VERE CAMPBELL gives us in *Render Unto Caesar* (MILLS AND BOON). One cannot help thinking that

it would have been so very much simpler for the parties to have sorted themselves out correctly in the first place. Of course we might in that case have had to do without the story altogether. But would that have mattered so greatly? The book ends weakly and inconclusively, most of the characters apparently being still uncertain whether to continue rendering a nominal obedience unto Caesar or to repair to the Divorce Court as the shortest way of straightening out the tangle.

A Good Target.

"At the first cry the enemy stop short; at the second huddle together, looking fearfully round."—*English Church Pageant programme.*

Talking of rotundity, it will be remembered that Mr. CHESTERTON had a part in this spectacle.

Commercial Candour.

From a housekeeper's application: "I have some testimonials from good people who have put up with me at various times."